That you yet know not of; weele ſee our husbands
Before they think of us?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee us?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With that we lack; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride, and ſpeake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not killd them:
And twenty of theſe punie lyes Ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I have diſcontinued ſchoole
Above a twelve-moneth: I have within my minde,
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iackes,
Which I will practiſe.

Nerriſ. Why, ſhall wee turne to men?

Port. Fie, what a queſtion's that?
If thou wert nere a lewd Interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which ſtayes for us
At the Parke gate: and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clow. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the Children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Clowne.

Clown. Mary you may partly hope that your fat
not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſſica. That were a kind of baſtard hope in deed
of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both
mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall in
your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ieſſica. I ſhall be ſav'd by my husband, he ha
Chriſtian?

Clow. Truly the more too blame he, we were Ch
before, een as many as could well live one by anothe
of Chriſtians wil raiſe the price of hogs, if we grow
eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coal

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſſi. Ile tel my husband *Launcelet* what you ſay; h

Loren. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly *Launce*
get my wife into corners.

Ieſſi. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Laun*
out, he tels me flatly there's no mercy for me in hea
I am a Iewes daughter: and he ſayes you are no goo
the common-wealth, for in converting Iewes to Ch
raiſe the price of porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commo
you can the getting up of the *Negroes* belly: the M
child by you *Launcelet*.

Clowne. It is much that the Moore ſhould be
ſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhe i
then I tooke her for.

Loren. How every foole can play upon the wor
beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turne into ſilence,
grow commendable in none onely but Parrats; g
them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done ſir, they have all ſtomacks.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit ſnapper are you,
prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done too ſir, onely cover is the w

Loren. Will you cover than ſir?

Clown. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.